

Stiff Little Fingers, Harp

Don't pity this poor immigrant
My eyes were open when I caught the boat
All I wanted was your shelter
And maybe just a little hope
But you turned your anger on me
For the courage that you lack
I don't want your half assed freedom
You can have the whole deal back
So now I'll tell you something
Let's get this straight from the start
Don't call me Harp
Don't call me Harp

You said: "Bring me your poor and destitute
And I can kick them when they're down"
Cause there's always enough misery
And we'll be sure to share it round
Now I'll turn my anger on you
For the decency you lack
For the morals you fail to uphold
Your cocaine, crack and smack
To the land that wears its heart up front
I'm screaming from the back
Don't call me Harp
Don't call me Harp

And the ghettos almost full now
It's time for trash to move uptown
And the sight of all those beggars
On the streets must really get you down
Soon they'll turn their anger on you
For the promises you broke
For all the lies you told them
As their dreams went up in smoke
And I feel I stand among them
As I shout this from the heart
Don't call me Harp
Don't call me Harp

You built your land on principles
Decent, brave and true
I find it hard to understand
Just what went wrong with you
Don't call me Harp
Don't call me Harp

[Rpt, 1st Verse]